

## The Herald and News

## MOVE TO BANISH

## THE V. C. CO

## ATTORNEY GENERAL ASKS GENERAL ASSEMBLY TO REVOKE LICENSE

For Flooding the State—The Fertilizer Company seeks to have action brought against it tried in Federal Court and this move is recommended to the General Assembly.

[Charleston Post.]

Columbia, January 17.—Attorney General Belonger has asked the General Assembly to revoke at once the license of the Virginia Carolina Chemical Company to do business in the State of South Carolina. This drastic procedure is recommended in a communication to the General Assembly today, and is predicated chiefly upon the action of the corporation in seeking to remove the action against it recently brought by the State, from the State to the United States courts, and also because of the company's alleged flagrant violation of the anti-trust laws of the State. The attorney's recommendation is contained in the following, which is the concluding paragraph of his communication to the General Assembly:

"In view of the deliberate attempt on the part of the leading defendant in the suit to remove the cause beyond the jurisdiction of the State courts and the open and flagrant contempt of the laws of this State in purchasing the real estate, business and good will of domestic corporations situated in this State, and the almost certain prospect of a long drawn out litigation, during which the litigant corporations are protected by the laws of the State, and unrestrained in the enjoyment of the fruits of what the General Assembly in its joint resolution indicated to be a violation of its laws prohibiting trusts and combinations in this State, I would respectfully submit to your honorable body the propriety, and would urge the consideration of the question of passing, as early as practicable, such act or joint resolution as shall prohibit the Virginia Carolina Chemical Company from henceforth doing business within this State, making therein such provisions as will effectually prevent them from enjoying the benefits of any license or permit in the future. I desire that it shall be understood that this suggestion, if acted upon, shall not affect the vigorous prosecution of the suit to final determination in the courts of the land, nor is it expected that any act passed pursuant thereto can reach or affect the domestic corporations charged with conspiring with the foreign corporations in violating the anti-trust laws of the State."

The Virginia Carolina Chemical Company has asked for removal of the cause from the State to the United States court, in a petition filed in answer to the action brought by the attorney general. The basis of the petition is that the action sought by the State would impair and destroy the rights of the company guaranteed by the federal constitution in its provisions for foreign corporations and that therefore the issue should be tried in the United States court.

The case was transferred to the United States Circuit court today by the filing of the records already made in the State court at Charleston, and on order of the judge of that court, so that the case is now a suit of the State against the corporation. The answer of the Virginia Carolina Chemical Company to the State's complaint has not yet been made.

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"The great rivers don't carry passengers any more," said Channey Depew, "the great railroads have taken their place."

Mr. Depew is a grass grows on the wharves at Omaha and Kansas City, and only a few freight boats are now occasionally seen at Cincinnati and Louisville.

The Harpers have gotten a new geography from which the children describe the great railroads, and what a knowledge of the whole country it gives to the youngsters. The school children used to describe the rivers, but now they describe the great railroads.

To illustrate how they describe them, the teacher in the Washington public school said: "Now, Mary, can you describe the Southern Railway?"

You know it is 9,000 miles long." Yes, sir, that is very easy," said Mary. The teacher then commenced in New York. It runs from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore to Washington. Then it leaves the Capital and runs right by Washington, Maryland and the White House, and then it runs by Baltimore, and then it runs by New Orleans and Florida. "Where else does it go to, Mary?"

"Why, it runs all over creation. It spreads out like a great fan all over the South to New Orleans, Florida, St. Louis and Atlanta."

"Give me some of the cities the Southern goes through, Mary."

"Why, from Virginia it goes through North Carolina with its 100 cotton factories, and through the cotton and tobacco fields to Greensboro, Charlotte, Summerville and Charleston, where the great Exhibition is, and then to Savannah, with its grand old Buena Ventura. From Savannah it runs to Brunswick, Ga., within sight of Jekyll Island, and then to St. Augustine, with its palmetto and palm trees, and then down into the orange groves of Florida, where, after shooting a few alligators, you can ferry across to Havana and see Merro Castle and the sunken Maine. Here you can pick bananas while you watch the pretty Spanish girls as they play their guitars and flirt with love-sick cavaliers through the iron gates."

"Where else does it run, Mary?"

"Why, to Memphis and the West. Then it goes to Birmingham and Chattanooga, with its Lookout Mountain, where Hooker fought among the clouds. From Chattanooga, continued Mary, pointing on to the map, "you see the 'Southern' runs southeast to Atlanta and north to Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit and Pittsburgh."

"But the 'Southern' don't have its own track north of Cincinnati, does it, Mary?"

"No, but they send out their wonderful 'Florida Special' from Chicago, over the 'Big 4', 'O. H. & D.', and 'Monon', and they run through cars to Florida, from Cleveland and Pittsburgh to Jacksonville."

"But that 'Southern's' Palm Limited, that dies from New York to St. Augustine, Augusta, Bon Air and Aiken," said Mary enthusiastically, "and the Southern's flyer that flies to the land of the sky like a cannonball from New York to Asheville, Nashville, Atlanta, Mobile and New Orleans, where you can see the lavish Creole girls with their goo-goo eyes and—"

"But your geography don't say that, Mary?"

"No, but my brother George said that when he got back from the Mardi Gras. George said, he got his ticket at the Southern Ry. Office, 1135 Broadway, and left New York in a snow bank at twenty-five minutes past four o'clock in the afternoon, and was in warm Atlanta in 24 hours, and in New Orleans in 39 hours."

Mary might have added that Samuel Spencer, the President of the "Southern" has taken in the "Queen and Crescent," which runs from Cincinnati and Louisville to New Orleans and Shreveport, La., and he is President of both roads—about 9,000 miles long—Eli Perkins' Railroad Letter.

"O, mother!" cried Clay, dancing up and down in excitement, "come here—quick! Here is a box—all alive!"

His mother came running in, and there were a dozen tiny black snouts peeping out under the box cover. Before she could even scream, out popped a swarm of baby alligators and dropped down to the floor, where they scampered off in every direction. All the eggs had hatched, for the box was behind a stove and the box in a warm place.

Such a time as there was! Clay jumped up and down, screaming with glee, but his mother was screaming with fright, and she climbed on top of a table to get out of the way of the alligators, who went running about, as if in a hurry to investigate this new, strange world in which they found themselves. Black Cinda came running in to see what was the matter, and she got up on a chair and screamed, too. If Clay's father had not come in they might have been perched there, screaming yet.

Then for a hunt! The baby alligators hid under the furniture and burrowed under the carpets, popping out of every hole and corner. It was nearly a week before the last one was caught. Father Rees shook three out of his boot one morning, and Mother Rees nearly had a fit when she pulled on her stocking and found one in the toe. As for Cinda, she

## Some Strange Eggs.

Little Clay Rees lives in a little house, and he had five times as many eggs as he could use. One day he was going in to school, and when he came home he found a little object. It was long and narrow and had a tough shell that felt and dented in Clay's fingers. He could not make out what it was. So he ran to Cinda, his black nurse, and showed it to her. Cinda laughed.

"Lawdy, honey," she said, "that air am er 'gator's egg. Dig er way, an' yer'll done fin' er heap mo'."

So Clay dug away lustily, and sure enough up came more eggs with every shovelful of sand. Five times he filled his little bucket and carried them home to his mother, until twenty-five eggs lay in the box she gave him to put them in. That night when Clay was in his white "nightie" and having his "loving time" with his mother, he asked, "How came the eggs in the sand?"

"The mother 'gator hid them there," answered his mother, as she rocked and cuddled her little boy.

"Don't the mother 'gator cuddle her eggs like the mother hen does?" asked Clay.

"No, dear she leaves them in the sand for the hot sun to hatch out."

"Well, I fink the mother 'gator is a very selfish thing!" cried Clay, sitting up in his indignation.

"O, no," said his mother, smiling. "That is her way of taking care of them—the way God taught her. She can't cuddle her eggs like the mother hen. She has no soft feathers, and her hard skin would break the eggs if she sat on them. The nice warm sand cuddles them, and the sun helps to hatch them out."

"O," said Clay, nestling down again. "Poor mother 'gator! I so sorry for her. How bad she must feel not to cuddle her eggs."

"She takes good care of them," said his mother. "She often comes to look after her babies, and when they hatch out, she finds food for them, and will not let anything hurt them."

"What would hurt them?" asked Clay, drowsily.

"There are many animals who hunt for the eggs, and I have heard that the father 'gator likes them, too, and eats them all up if he can find them."

"What an awful bad father!" cried Clay, his sleepy eyes coming wide open again. "Poor baby 'gators. I so sorry for them."

"But their mother takes care of them, and will not let the father find them, if she can help it," said Mother Rees, hugging her own little boy.

"Will she go to look at her eggs to-morrow day?" asked Clay.

"I think she will," said his mother.

"Then I'll take them all back," murmured the sleepy little fellow.

"Poor mother 'gator—feel—bad!"

—but Clay was off into dreamland, where mother Alligator and her eggs were all forgotten.

The box of eggs was put in a closet, and neither Clay nor his mother thought of them again. A week later Clay went to the closet for some toys, and heard a strange, rustling noise. He looked up and saw a box on a shelf with the cover dancing up and down in a frantic manner.

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And the most of her time perched on the beach and screaming, thinking every day that she was an alligator.

But Clay was not afraid of them. He thought they were the funniest of play things, and begged hard to keep them all. But when his mother told him that the mother 'gator would want her babies, he consented to have them taken to the beach. His father let him keep six and made a pen for them in the back yard, with a small tank of water in it. Here Clay played with them and they became very tame, and seemed to know their little master. He was often seen with the whole lot swarming all over him, but his mother could not bear to touch the creatures, though Clay assured her that their way of running up his arm and poking their black snouts into his face was their way of loving him. He kept his pets for a year, then sharp, white teeth began to come in their big mouths, and his father thought they might become dangerous playfellows, so one night they all disappeared, and Clay never saw them again. If he had been on the beach the next day he might have seen six young alligators scampering about as though they did not know what to make of their strange surroundings. I wonder if their mother knew them.

—Congregationalist.

The Heart of the Woods.

I hear it beat in morning still  
When April skies have lost their gloom,  
And through the woods there runs a thrill  
That wakes arbutus into bloom.

I hear it throb in sprouting May,  
A muffled murmur on the breeze,  
Like muffled thunder leagues away,  
A booming voice of distant seas.

In daisied June I catch its roll  
Pulsing through the leafy shade,  
And faint I am to reach its goal  
And see the drummer unafraid.

Or when the autumn leaves are shed  
And frosts attend the fading year,  
Like secret mine sprung by my tread,  
A covey bursts from hiding near.

I feel its pulse mid winter snows  
And feel my own with added force  
When red ruff drops his cautious pose  
And forward takes his humming course.

The startled birches shake their curls;  
A withered leaf leaps in the breeze;  
Some hidden mortar speaks and hurls  
Its feathered missile through the trees.

Compact of life, of fervent wing,  
A dynamo of feathered power,  
Thy drum is music in the spring,  
Thy flight is music every hour.

—John Burroughs in Atlantic.

Comfort.

The day is long, and the day is hard,  
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;  
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,  
Of days to live through and of work to be done;

Tired of ourselves and of being alone,  
Yet all the while, did we only see,  
We walk in the Lord's own company,  
We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm;  
He turns the arrows that else might harm,  
And out of the storm He brings a calm;  
And the work that we count so hard to do,  
He makes it easy, for He works, too;  
And the days that seem long to live are His.

A bit of His bright eternities; and close to  
our need His helping is.

—Selected.

No External Symptoms.

The blood may be in bad condition, yet with no external signs, no skin eruption or sores to indicate it. The symptoms in such cases being a variable appetite, poor digestion, an indescribable weakness and nervousness, loss of flesh and a general run-down condition of the system—clearly showing the blood has lost its nutritive qualities, has become thin and watery. It is in just such cases that S. S. S. has done some of its quickest and most effective work by building up the blood and supplying the elements lacking to make it strong and vigorous.

"My wife used several bottles of S. S. S. as a blood purifier and to tone up a weak and emaciated system, with very marked effect by way of improvement."

"We regard it a great tonic and blood purifier."—J. F. DUFF, Princeton, Mo.

S. S. S. is the greatest of all tonics, and you will find the appetite improves at once, strength returns, and nervousness vanishes as new rich pure blood once more circulates through all parts of the system.

S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood purifier known. It contains no minerals whatever. Send for our free book on blood and skin diseases and write our physicians for any information or advice wanted. No charge for medical advice.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

FOR HARNESS and Saddle Sores Mexican Mustang Liniment is just what you need. It is quick and sure, at once, and you will be astonished to see how quickly it heals sores.

It's this way:

You can burn yourself with Fire, with Powder, etc., or you can scald yourself with Steam or Hot Water, but there is only one proper way to cure a burn or scald and that is by using

Mexican Mustang Liniment.

It gives immediate relief. Get a piece of soft oil linen cloth, saturate it with this liniment and bind loosely upon the wound. You can have no adequate idea what an excellent remedy this is for a burn until you have tried it.

A FOWL TIP. If you have a bird afflicted with Roup or any other poultry disease use Mexican Mustang Liniment. It is called a STANDARD remedy by poultry breeders.

Who Was Rich?

"If I were only as rich as he is!" muttered a boy, who had just found a crust of stale bread in a garbage barrel, as he eyed a poorly-dressed boy leaving a baker shop with a basket of whole, fresh loaves.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" said the boy with the fresh loaves, as he saw another boy on a bicycle, munching candy.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" sighed the boy on the bicycle, as another boy rolled past in a pony-cart.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" grumbled the boy in the pony-cart, as he caught sight of a lad on the deck of a beautiful private yacht.

"If I were only as rich as he is!" this lucky fellow wished as his father's yacht cruised in foreign waters, as he spied one day a young prince, attended by a retinue of liveried servants.

"If I were only as free as he is!" impatiently growled the young prince, thinking of the boy on the yacht.

"If I could drive out alone with a pony and nobody to take care of me but myself!" thought the pampered boy on the yacht.

"If only I could have a good time like that boy on the bicycle!" longed the driver of the pony.

"How happy that boy with the basket looks!" said the boy on the bike.

"If I could relish my dinner as that boy does his crust!" said the baker's boy. "I'm sick and tired of bread!"

Which one was rich?—Christian Endeavor world.

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